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MAY  
no. 51

# CRIME

10¢ DOES NOT PAY

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER • CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS

ALL TRUE  
CRIME  
STORIES

SO YOU FOUND  
HER, YOU NOSEY  
COPPERS! NOW DIG—  
DEEP ENOUGH FOR  
TWO MORE!

**SORRY** WE CAN'T MAKE THIS  
A WEEKLY MAG WHICH  
THOUSANDS OF LETTERS HAVE  
ASKED FOR, BUT CRIME DOES  
NOT PAY DOES BECOME A  
**MONTHLY** BEGINNING WITH  
THIS ISSUE!



LEV GLEASON  
INTEGRITY  
PUBLICATIONS

THE MAGAZINE WITH THE  
WIDEST RANGE OF APPEAL

# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



Here's the Greatest BILLFOLD BARGAIN in all America!

# 4 BIG VALUES in ONE

All  
for only  
**\$198**

- ★ This Smart Leather Billfold and Pass Case
- ★ Handy, Built-In Coin Holder For Your Loose Change
- ★ Genuine Rabbit's Foot Key Holder With Flexible Gilt Chain
- ★ 3-Color Identification Plate

Beautifully Engraved with  
Your Name, Address and  
Social Security Number



Your Permanent  
Engraved Identification  
and Social Security Tag

Clear-  
View  
CELLULOID  
PASS LEAVES

DeLuxe  
VALUE

Smart  
STYLING

YOU GET THIS!  
Genuine Rabbit's Foot Key  
Holder with Flexible Gilt  
Chain in addition to the  
handy Coin Holder which is  
securely fastened to the  
Billfold as pictured above.

YOU GET THIS!  
A specially designed Emergency  
Identification Plate  
which carries your full name,  
address and Social Security  
Number. A perfect identi-  
fication record for you.



**SEND NO MONEY!**  
JUST MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

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COIN HOLDER  
IS SECURELY RIVETED TO BILLFOLD

This Smart LEATHER BILLFOLD Comes to You Complete with

- ★ Large Built-In COIN HOLDER
- ★ A Self-Contained PASS CASE
- ★ Rabbit's Foot KEY HOLDER with Chain
- ★ An Engraved IDENTIFICATION PLATE

## YOUR FULL NAME, Address, City and State Is BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED on the 3-Color Social Security Plate!!

Here's something new in a Billfold. Without a doubt the handsomest and greatest Billfold Bargain that you'll be likely to see for a good many years to come. Designed by skilled Billfold craftsmen and made available to our customers at a price that's sensationally low for a billfold with so many unusual features. If you have shopped around recently, you know that there is nothing like this in an ordinary type billfold which holds just currency for less than \$2.00. Then take a good look at this new smart Leather Billfold and see all you get for only \$1.98. Besides the spacious compartment at the back which can be used for currency, checks, papers, etc., there's a beautiful plastic Coin Holder for your loose change built right into your billfold. Then there's a handily designed Pass Case which is protected by celluloid leaves; the solution of your valuable membership cards and credit cards. We also send you a genuine Rabbit's Foot and attached Gilt Chain for your keys in addition to a specially designed 3-color Emergency Identification Plate, on which we engrave your Social Security Number, your name and your address.

Man, here's a Billfold for you. Actually 4 Big Values in One! Everything you need, everything you regularly, right where you want them. Keep it at 'Home', 'Kitchen', 'Business' or wherever you want it. The next time you go to a Billfold store, bring this coupon with you and mail your order today. If after receiving your Billfold you don't agree that this is the most outstanding handsomest ever made, return it and we'll cheerfully refund your money.

**RUSH THIS COUPON for THIS ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME BARGAIN!**

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 9400A  
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, IL

Please rush me the "Smart Leather Pass Case Billfold" with Built-in Coin Holder, 2-color Identification Plate and 3-color Social Security Plate. I enclose \$1.98. I will pay postage only \$1.00 additional. Federal Tax and other costs, postage and F.O.B. charges. It is understood that if I am not positively satisfied and delighted in every way I can return the Billfold within 10 days for my return.

MY FULL NAME \_\_\_\_\_

(PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

To save shipping charges I am enclosing in advance \$1.50 plus

20% Federal Excise tax (total \$2.00). Federal Tax and other costs, postage and F.O.B. charges. It is understood that if I am not positively satisfied and delighted in every way I can return the Billfold within 10 days for my return.

© Social Security No. \_\_\_\_\_  
Please ship my Billfold under all postage charges prepaid.

# Men! Ladies! Look At This Offer!



Each cigarette pops-up ready for use. Case holds 20 cigarettes.



You get  
**BOTH**  
for only  
**\$2.98**

**\$2.50 Value Pop-a-Cig INITIALED Cigarette Case**

**\$2.00 Value Polished Aluminum Cigarette Lighter**

CIGARETTES  
POP UP  
ONE AT A TIME

WORKS EASILY  
WITH  
ONE HAND

LAST CIGARETTE  
EMERGES ROUND  
AND FIRM

NO CRUMPLED  
CIGARETTES OR  
LOOSE TOBACCO

**SEND NO MONEY!**  
Just Mail This Coupon Today

**Every Smoker In America Will Want To Send For The  
Pop-a-Cig Initialed Cigarette Case And Lighter On Our  
Guaranteed Satisfaction or Your MONEY-BACK!**

Here is what we consider to be the most unusual Cigarette Case and Lighter value now being offered to the cigarette吸烟者. It's Initialed! Water-tight, yet it cleverly conceals and holds 20 cigarettes in place to pop out one at a time—stubs, uncrumpled, round and firm. A "click" of the finger and out comes your cigarette, ready for instant & Virtuous smoking! Nothing like it to get out of order. Case itself is smartly-styled of beautiful full tone plastic with slide top and your own per-

sonalized initial in contrasting, mirror-finish metal. Your friends will admire its quality appearance and durable, featherlight construction. The Pop-a-Cig is made to give years of faithful pleasurable service.

As for the Lighter—it's one to compare with those you've seen in the better stores selling up to \$3.50. Good-looking? You bet it is! Beautiful, slim, light as a feather styling. Highly polished aluminum construction that resists with newness. Can't rust. Won't bulge in your pocket. Surefire, fast-acting lighting wheel. Recessed, semi-windproof design. Large fluid capacity. In fact, all the latest improved features that go to make this handsome, faithful lighter today's outstanding value. A smart, good-working lighter you'll be proud to own and use.

**SEND NO MONEY! Just Mail the Coupon Below To Receive the Pop-a-Cig Initialed Cigarette Case and Polished Aluminum Lighter on Our 10 Day Examination Offer!**

Don't wait! Order your Pop-a-Cig Initialed Cigarette Case and polished aluminum lighter set now while this low price offer is in effect. You'll send one for yourself, of course, after all want two. Lighter will fit into this set most appropriate and handy for purse or pocket. But hurry! The

supply set aside for this offer is sure to go fast. Mail the coupon today. Naturally if you are not delighted with this great bargain you may return it within 10 days and your money will be cheerfully refunded.

**RUSH THIS COUPON for this Once-in-a-Lifetime Bargain!**

ILLINOIS MERCHANTISE MART, Dept. 308  
1227 LLOYOLA AVE., CHICAGO 26, ILL

Gentlemen:  Rush me the Pop-a-Cig Initialed Cigarette Case and Polished Aluminum Lighter as described. I will pay the postage on arrival a total of \$2.98 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. If not satisfied in every way I may return the set in 10 days for full refund.

This is the Initial for the Cigarette Case.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

TOWN.....

STATE.....

I am enclosing \$2.98 in advance to save C.O.D. and shipping charges. Send the Case and Lighter to me—all postage charges prepaid.

# Amazing, New, Popular PICTURE RING

Made From Any Photograph  
Picture or Snapshot—Picture Hand-  
Painted in Natural Colors - 25c Extra

Here it is! The most thrilling, precious and intimate keepsake you could own! Imagine! An exquisitely beautiful Picture Ring with the actual portrait of someone near and dear enshrined like a gem in its setting. A priceless memento of father, mother, brother, sister, husband, wife, son, daughter, sweetheart. The picture stays sharp and clear for years and years—withstands rubbing, washing, wear—unharmed by water, weather, heat or cold—cannot tarnish. What more beautiful remembrance could there be than this beautiful Picture Ring with the most precious setting a ring can have—the actual portrait of a loved one? Your Picture Ring becomes a cherished keepsake you will treasure and guard for years to come, like a precious piece of jewelry.

**SEND NO MONEY—Mail Photo and Ring Size**

Don't send a penny! Simply rush the coupon below with any photo, snapshot, or picture and your ring size. Your Picture Ring will be made at once, to fit your finger and shipped to you. Pay postman only \$1.00 plus few cents postage and Federal Tax when he delivers your Ring. Photo will be returned unharmed with Ring. If not delighted, return Ring within 8 days for your money back. Rush coupon, photo, and ring size NOW.

PICTURE RING CO.

Dept. J-116, 616 Walnut Street,  
Cincinnati 2, Ohio

Only  
**\$1.00**  
SEND NO MONEY

Picture Ring Co.  
Dept. J-116, 616 Walnut Street  
Cincinnati 2, Ohio

Enclosed is photo. Please rush my Picture Ring at once. I will pay postman \$1.00, plus few cents postage and Tax. If I am not completely satisfied I may return Ring within 8 days and you will refund my money.  Check here if you want picture hand tinted in natural colors for 25c extra.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_

RING  
SIZE

Special  
SALE  
TODAY

Didn't your mother ever tell  
you about SMITH BROTHERS?

"Why is a cougher  
out of place at  
a soles counter?"

"Because she's  
no bargain!"

STILL  
ONLY

SMITH BROTHERS  
BLACK COUGH DROPS  
TRADE ACTIVE INGREDIENTS  
ANISE AND LICORICE IN A SUGAR BASE  
NET WEIGHT 1 OUNCE  
SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS  
MADE WITH BASS' CROWN  
SWEET CLOVER

COUGHING IS OFFENSIVE

Here's 3-Way Relief:

- 1. Eases throat tickle
- 2. Soothes raw, irritated membranes
- 3. Helps loosen phlegm

EVERYWHERE

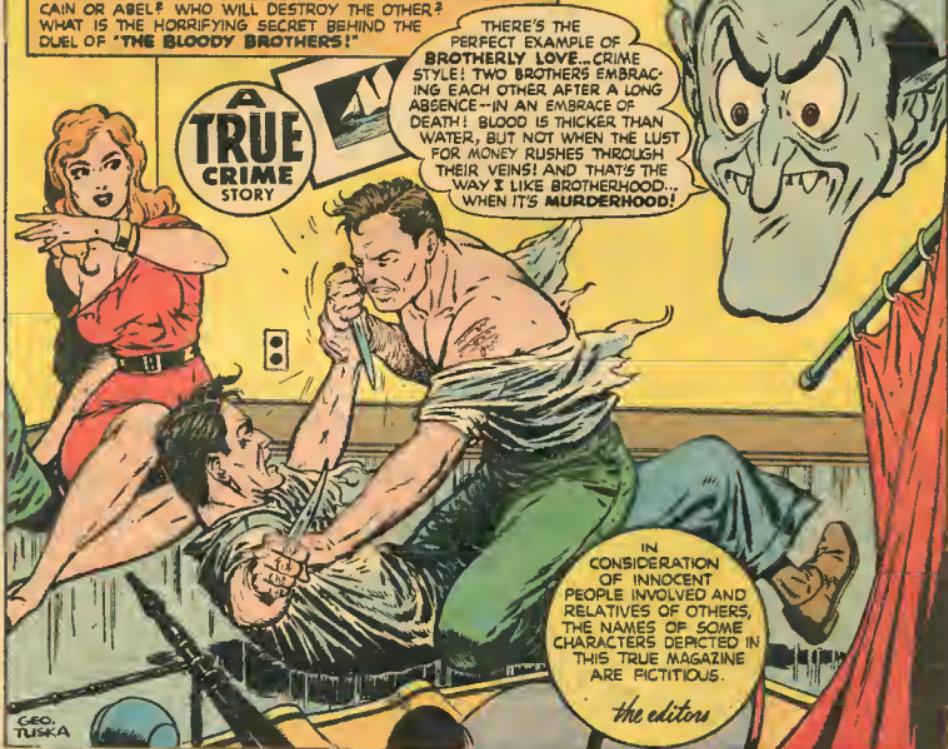
CRIME DOES NOT PAY

# the HOOVER BROTHERS

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN TWO BROTHERS BECOME DEADLY RIVALS FOR RACKETS' GOLD? WHERE WILL THEIR MURDEROUS SAGA OF MUTUAL HATRED AND JEALOUSY END? WHO WILL TRIUMPH--CAIN OR ABEL? WHO WILL DESTROY THE OTHER? WHAT IS THE HORRIFYING SECRET BEHIND THE DUEL OF 'THE BLOODY BROTHERS'?

THERE'S THE PERFECT EXAMPLE OF BROTHERLY LOVE...CRIME STYLE! TWO BROTHERS EMBRACING EACH OTHER AFTER A LONG ABSENCE--IN AN EMBRACE OF DEATH! BLOOD IS THICKER THAN WATER, BUT NOT WHEN THE LUST FOR MONEY RUSHES THROUGH THEIR VEINS! AND THAT'S THE WAY I LIKE BROTHERHOOD...WHEN IT'S MURDERHOOD!

A TRUE CRIME STORY



IN A SPEAKEASY IN SIOUX CITY, 1930...

HEY, BUD! HERE'S YER BROTHER, DON!

WE HAD THE SAME MOTHER, THAT'S ALL! I HAVEN'T GOT A WORSE ENEMY THAN DON!



WE WERE ROUGH KIDS FROM A TOUGH NEIGHBORHOOD! ONE DAY WE HAD A FIGHT—I FORGOT WHY! HE WON, AND FROM THEN ON, HE USED TO BEAT ME UP OFTEN! ALL I REMEMBER AS A KID WAS GETTING BEATEN UP BY DON!



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

BUT THAT HAPPENED YEARS AGO, BUD! THE BUM WOULDN'T GIVE ME THE RIGHT TIME!

MAYBE DON'S CHANGED! MAYBE WHEN HE SEES YOU'RE DOWN AN' OUT!

WHAT DO I HEAR? THE PRETTY ACCENTS OF BROTHERLY HATE? I MUST LOOK INTO THIS!

WHATCHA GOT TO LOSE? A LITTLE BREATH IN SAYIN' "HIYA, DON!"

HE'S RIGHT, BUD! W...WELL, TRY BURYING THE HATCHET! MAYBE I SHOULD!



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

IT'S BEEN YEARS SINCE I GAVE YA A GOING-OVER, BUDDY BOY! BUT YER CHILDHOOD'S GONNA COME BACK TO YA JUST LIKE OLD TIMES!

WAIT A MINUTE, DON, I'M SORRY, I LOST MY HEAD!

NOW! THEN... REMEMBER TO STAY OUTTA MY WAY! YESSIR! I SURE LIKE TO SEE TWO BROTHERS "GET ALONG!"



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

BUT AN UNFORESEEN CIRCUMSTANCE DEVELOPED AS YOU SEE...

IT'S A DICK, BUD! UGHH...

THE NEXT ONE'S FOR YOUR GUT SO YOU BETTER STAY PUT!

SURE! SURE! D-DON'T SHOOT! I DROPPED MY GUN! SEE? I DROPPED IT!

A MONTH LATER... I HEREBY SENTENCE YOU, BUD HOOVER, TO TWO YEARS IN STATE PRISON!

BUD, LOOK-YOUR BROTHER'S COMING!



BEST NEWS I'VE HEARD IN YEARS! MY KID BROTHER'S GOT A JOB POUNDING ROCKS IN TIR! HA! HA!

YOU ROTTEN NO-GOOD. I'LL POUND YOU! LET ME GO! I'LL...

SILENCE IN THE COURT!

ONE DAY I'LL SENTENCE YOU TO TEN TIMES TWO YEARS, DON HOOVER! THIS STATE WILL CATCH UP WITH YOU AND YOUR RACKETS!

JUDGE, I'M LAUGHIN' UP MY SLEEVE! HA! HA!

GET HIM! HE'S A MURDERER, I TELL YOU! HANG HIM! KILL HIM!



WHY I'M JUST A SMART BUSINESS MAN—A RESPECTABLE CITIZEN! SEE YA IN CHURCH, JUDGE!

SCORE ONE FOR DON HOOVER, THE LUCKIEST CROOK SIOUX CITY EVER HAD!



DRIVE TO MURPHY'S TAVERN, HE'S GONNA START CULTIVATIN' A TASTE FOR MY LIQUOR!

THERE'S A SMART APPLE FOR YOU! NEVER LETS A DETAIL LIKE PROHIBITION STAND IN THE WAY OF BUSINESS!



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

MINUTES LATER AT MURPHY'S...

WHAT DO YOU SAY  
NOW? AIN'T DON  
HOOVER'S ROTGUT  
THE BEST IN  
THE WEST?

S..SURE!  
GLUB...  
TH..THE BEST!  
CHOKE ... I'M  
SOLD!

I KNEW YOU'D BE A  
CUSTOMER, MURPHY!  
YA CAN'T BEAT  
QUALITY, Y'KNOW!  
NOT AFTER YA GET  
A GOOD TASTE  
OF IT!

MURPHY'S BAR

WHERE TO NOW,  
BOSS? THE STILLE

NO! GOT A COUPLA "PROTECTION"  
CALLS TO MAKE! MRS. GREENE.

I SEE BY MY  
RECORDS SHE  
AIN'T PAID HER  
PROTECTION BILL  
FOR THIS MONTH!



THE FIRST STOP...

YER KID'S GONNA  
LOSE MORE'N HIS  
SWEET TEETH! HE'S  
GONNA LOSE ALL  
OF 'EM, MRS.  
GREENE!

PLEASE, MR. HOOVER!  
I'LL DO ANYTHING  
YOU SAY!  
IF YOU'D PAID  
ON TIME, YER  
SON WOULD'VE  
BEEN PROTECTED!  
TOO BAD HE WON'T  
HAVE NO TEETH  
TO TASTE YER  
CANDY!

...AND LAST STOP, DON'S HEAD-  
QUARTERS...

I GOT RID OF  
THOSE HOT  
CARS, DON!  
HERE'S THE  
LETTUCE!

AN' HERE'S THE  
SMUGGLE MONEY  
FROM THAT  
CANADIAN DEAL,  
OKAY?

I'LL SHOW  
HIM! HE'LL  
LAUGH FROM  
THE OTHER  
SIDE OF HIS  
FACE BEFORE  
I'M THROUGH!



YOU KNOW WHERE  
BUD WAS ALL THIS  
TIME—BUILDING CRIME  
CASTLES IN THE  
AIR—DREAMING...  
WAITING...



ANOTHER MONTH OF THIS RATHOLE  
AND I'LL HAVE DON WHERE I WANT  
HIM—UNDER MY FEET! RUBBING  
HIS NOSE INTO THE DIRT!

YOU BET YOU  
WILL, BUD! JUST  
KEEP DREAMING!

ON THE DAY BUD CAME OUT, DON RAN  
INTO BAD LUCK! WHILE HE WAS CALLING  
ON AN UNDERTAKER WHO DIDN'T  
WANT TO BE MUSCLED OUT OF  
HIS OWN RACKET!



WATCH IT THIS  
TIME, BOSS! THOMAS  
DON'T SCARE  
EASY!

THEY  
ALL SCARE  
EASY—with  
A SLUG IN  
THEIR GUTS!

# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THE BOYS TELL ME YER STUBBORN, THOMAS! THAT YA DON'T KNOW WHEN YER LICKED! I DON'T BELIEVE IT! I KNOW YA WANT TO LIVE!

YOU CAME TO THE RIGHT PLACE, HOOVER! THEY WON'T WONT HAVE TO CARRY YOU FAR!

THIS IS THE WAY I WANT TO LIVE! SEEING YOU DEAD AND BURIED!

WE SHOT THE BOSS' EAR OFF!



WE'RE HI-JACKIN' ONE OF DON'S LIQUOR TRUCKS TONIGHT! I KNOW THE ROUTE IT'S TRAVELIN'! IT'S THE FIRST PAYMENT I'M MAKIN' DON FOR BEIN' SO 'KIND' TO ME!



HOURS LATER...



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THOSE CROOKS MUST'VE WANTED MORE THAN YOUR WALLET...FROM THE LOOKS OF THE BEATING THEY GAVE YOU!

AND HE THINKS HE CAN SCARE ME OFF!

THAT'S THE FIGHTING SPIRIT, BUD!

CRIME

AN ARMORED TRUCK—  
THERE MUST BE A MILLION BUCKS IN THERE—AN IT'S MINE  
IF I CAN FIGURE THE RIGHT ANGLE!

ATTA BOY! WHAT YOU COULDN'T DO WITH THE INSIDES OF AN ARMORED CAR!



BUD DID FIGURE THE  
RIGHT ANGLE! FOR WEEKS  
HE SWEATED OUT  
EVERY DETAIL!  
PRETENDING TO HAVE  
BEEN HURT IN AN AUTO  
ACCIDENT, BUD STOPPED  
AN ARMORED CAR  
JUST OUT OF  
SIOUX CITY!

THAT GUY  
LOOKS HURT!  
MAYBE HE  
NEEDS HELP!

OKAY, SUCKER,  
IT'S A STICK-UP!  
TURN AROUND  
AND SCRAPE  
THE SKY!

I'M PROUD OF  
YOU, KID! I'M  
PROUD OF YOU!  
THIS IS BIG  
TIME—YOUR BIG  
CHANCE!

CROSSING THE STATE LINE INTO THE  
FORESTS OF MINNESOTA, BUD TIED  
THE DRIVER UP  
IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE! YOU'RE NOT GOING  
TO LEAVE ME HERE ALONE...IN THIS  
FOREST?



IT WAS DAYS BEFORE THEY FOUND  
EITHER THE CAR OR THE DRIVER!

PoOR GUY! HE'S  
ALMOST DEAD OF  
EXPOSURE!



"AND IT WAS WEEKS BEFORE THE POLICE PICKED UP THE  
TRAIL OF THE HOT MONEY IN A SIOUX CITY POOL PARLOR."

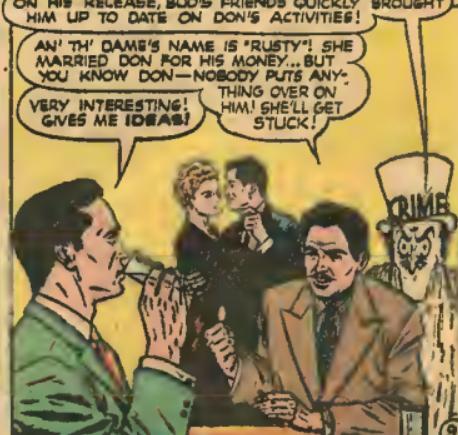
ALL RIGHT, TONY! WHERE'S  
THE BRIGHT BOY WHO'S  
BEEN PASSING ALL THAT  
ROASTER-HOT DOUGH  
AROUND HERE?

THERE! THE ONE  
P.PLAYIN' D.DON'T  
SHOOT UP  
THE PLACE,  
PLEASE!

PIN  
PRIZE



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

BUD WAITED FOR HIS CHANCE! THEN WHEN DON LEFT TOWN ON A SHORT TRIP...

> THIS IS DON'S BROTHER, BUD!  
MIND IF I DROP OVER ON A MATTER OF MUTUAL PROFITS?

NOT AT ALL, BUD! THE PASSWORD IS: DOLLAR SIGN!

SHORTLY AFTER...

BOTH WANT DON'S DOUGH—YOU FOR REVENGE, ME FOR MINK COATS! HOW DO WE GET IT?

DON HAS LOADS OF ENEMIES! IF HE DISAPPEARED, THE COPS WOULD BLAME HIS GANGLAND ENEMIES, AND YOU'D INHERIT ALL HIS MONEY!



IT'S A DEAL, BUD! YOU TAKE CARE OF DON, I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOUR CUT OF HIS WILL!

BUT FATE CHEATED THEM BOTH! DON HAD A SMALL ACCIDENT ON THE ROAD AND RETURNED HOME THE SAME HOUR TO BE EXACT!

SO THEY LET YOU OUTTA YER CAGE, HUH? YOU'RE GONNA WISH YOU WERE BACK IN LEAVENWORTH, BUD!

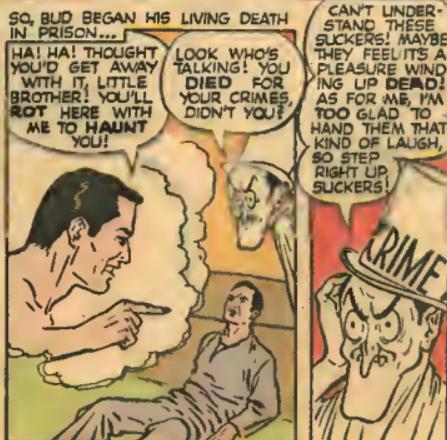
DON!



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

# PRETTY BOY FLOYD the TWO-FACED TERROR

drawn by  
FRED GUARDNER

PRETTY BOY FLOYD HAD TWO FACES—  
ONE--THE HANDSOME YOUNG FACE OF  
INNOCENT MANHOOD! BUT HIS SECOND  
FACE WAS THAT OF A HIDEOUS KILLER—  
CRIME PERSONIFIED—which was his  
TRUE IDENTITY! WHAT'S THE SECRET  
BEHIND THE DEADLY CRIME CAREER OF  
"THE TWO-FACED TERROR!"

A  
**TRUE**  
CRIME  
STORY

IN A SUBURB OF ST. LOUIS...

GOOD MORNING,  
MAM! I'M SELLING  
A DICTIONARY  
I'M SURE YOU'LL  
BE INTERESTED  
IN!

MY ISN'T  
THAT BOOK  
SALESMAN  
HAND-  
SOME!

COME  
RIGHT IN,  
YOUNG  
MAN!

WHAT A NICE  
DICTIONARY!  
I THINK I'LL  
TAKE ONE!

SWELL, MA'M!  
THERE'S A  
SURPRISE  
THAT GOES  
WITH IT!

THIS! I'LL TAKE  
ALL YOUR SILVER  
AND JEWELRY! DON'T  
BE A FOOL AND TRY  
SCREAMING, UNLESS  
YOU WANT TO  
CHECK OUT!

IF YOU'RE  
TRYING TO  
BE FUNNY—  
WHY, YOU  
ARE A  
CROOK!



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

MINUTES LATER, THE HOUSE EMPTIED OF ITS VALUABLES...

LOOK UP THE WORD  
SUCKER LADY! MIGHT  
COME IN HANDY NEXT  
TIME SOMEBODY  
RINGS YOUR BELL!  
HA HA!

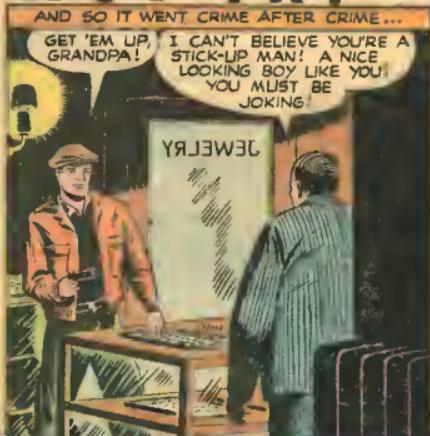


# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

AND SO IT WENT CRIME AFTER CRIME...

GET 'EM UP,  
GRANDPA!

I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'RE A  
STICK-UP MAN! A NICE  
LOOKING BOY LIKE YOU,  
YOU MUST BE  
JOKING!



JOKING, AM I?

BUT YOU'RE  
TOO NICE A  
KID TO BE  
DOING THIS  
STUFF!

WHY, YOU  
DON'T LOOK  
LIKE A  
CRIMINAL.  
THE FACE OF AN  
ANGEL AND THE  
SOUL OF A  
DEVIL.

OWWW!!

...UNTIL ONE NIGHT IN A MANSION NEAR  
ST. LOUIS...

WHO'S THERE?  
WHO'S IN THE  
LIBRARY?

THEY MUST'VE  
HEARD ME COME  
THROUGH THE  
WINDOW!



STAY WHERE  
YOU ARE OR  
I'LL LET YOU  
HAVE IT!

ALL RIGHT, CAESAR!  
GET HIM!

GRRR...



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

TAKE IT EASY FLOYD  
ANOTHER STUNT LIKE  
THIS AND YOU'LL DO  
SOLITARY!

NOBODY CAN  
RIDE MY LOOKS!  
I DON'T STAND  
FOR IT: GET  
ME!

BUT A FEW DAYS LATER, IN THE YARD...

PUT IT THERE, FLOYD! I WAS ONLY  
TESTING YA! YA GOT WHAT IT  
TAKES! WELL WORK TOGETHER  
WHEN WE GET OUT!

OH, YEAH?  
WHAT'S YER  
RACKETS?

BANK ROBBING! MY PARTNER  
GOT KNOCKED OFF BY THE  
BULLS—AN' I CAN USE A  
GUY WITH GUTS  
AN' SENSE LIKE  
YOU, PRETTY BOY!  
I'LL LEARN YA  
ALL YA NEED TO  
KNOW RIGHT  
HERE!

IT'S A  
DEAL—  
START  
NOW!

YEARS PASSED SWIFTLY AND  
BRADLEY AND FLOYD WERE  
RELEASED AT THE SAME TIME...

I GOT A LITTLE  
JOB TO DO, TOM,  
BEFORE WE  
TACKLE YOUR  
PLANS!

SURE,  
PRETTY BOY!  
ANYTHING  
YA SAY!

THIS IS WHAT YOU  
SHOULD HAVE GOT  
FIVE YEARS AGO!

THOSE SHOTS!  
CAESAR!

YAAAAA!!



BUT WHO  
COULD'VE  
KILLED  
HIM?



NOT SO FAST, PRETTY BOY! BANK ROBBING  
TAKES PRACTICE! TO WARM UP, WELL START  
WITH A NICE, OLD-FASHIONED STICK-UP!  
WE'VE GOT THE JOINT ALL PICKED OUT!

# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

SHORTLY AFTER...

WHAT DID I TELL  
YOU? EASIER THAN  
TAKING CANDY  
FROM A BABY!

DON'T BOTHER FOLLOWING  
US BOYS! THERE AIN'T  
A POUND OF AIR IN  
YOUR TIRES



BRADLEY AND FLOYD HADN'T A CHANCE—IN TEN MINUTES THEY WERE TRAPPED!

WE GOT A CURE FOR COP-KILLERS  
FELLER! YOU WON'T LIKE IT!



BRADLEY, WHO FIRED THE SHOT, WENT TO THE CHAIR FOR MURDER...

...FLOYD RECEIVED A FIFTEEN YEAR SENTENCE!



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

ON THE TRAIN ENROUTE TO PRISON...

HEY, GUARD,  
HOW ABOUT  
LETTING ME  
GO TO THE  
WASHROOM!

SURE, PRETTY BOY! I'LL  
UNLOCK YOUR BRACELETS!  
THE TRAIN'S DOING SIXTY,  
SO I GUESS YOU'LL  
THINK TWICE BEFORE  
JUMPING OFF!

I THOUGHT TWICE—O.K.?  
SEE YOU BACK ON THE  
FLATBUSH BEAT.

STOP  
THE  
TRAIN!

BUT FLOYD MADE GOOD HIS ESCAPE  
FROM THEN ON HIS NAME SMEARED  
THE COUNTRY'S HEADLINES!

NOW IF ONE OF YOU CASHIERS  
WILL BACK UP TWO STEPS  
THERE'LL BE NO OBITUARY  
NOTICES AND DON'T  
TURN AROUND

LET'S USE  
THE SHIELD  
TECHNIQUE  
AGAIN, FLOYD!  
WHAT SAY?

MUCH BETTER THAN SHOOTING  
MY WAY OUT! JUST GO FOR  
A GUN AND MR. CASHIER  
GETS A SLUG IN THE  
BRAIN

TELL THE  
SAME TO THE  
COPS YOU'RE  
READY TO  
CALL!



SO SUCCESSFUL WAS FLOYD'S  
HOSTAGE PLAN THAT BANK  
ROBBERS ALL OVER THE  
NATION IMITATED IT!

WE'LL TAKE THREE HOSTAGES!  
THAT'LL MAKE THE BULLS  
THINK THREE TIMES BEFORE  
BLASTIN' AWAY!



AND SO... I KNOW IT'S YOU,  
FLOYD—YOU FILTHY DEVIL! YOU'RE  
EVERYWHERE BUT WHERE  
YOU SHOULD BE—SIX FEET BELOW!

ANOTHER GOOD  
THING ABOUT  
IMITATIN' FLOYD!  
HE GETS BLAMED!  
HEH, HEH!



THE LOUSY  
COPY-CATS!  
THEY GET  
THE DOUGH  
AN' I GET  
THE  
ROASTING!



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

...WHICH WAS EXACTLY WHAT FLOYD DID!  
REMEMBER NOW—TAKE ANOTHER LOOK!  
I'M FLOYD! THIS IS COLORADO AND I  
CAN'T BE IN ARIZONA AT THE SAME  
TIME, ROBBING ANOTHER BANK!

WHAT'S THE DIFF?  
YOU'LL SIT IN JAIL  
FOR ONE AS WELL  
AS TEN HOLD

I'LL NEVER  
SIT IN JAIL  
THEY'LL HAVE TO  
KILL ME PUNK,  
BEFORE THEY  
GET ME!



WE MADE \$40,000  
OUT OF THAT  
FLOYD! WHERE  
TO NOW?

KANSAS CITY, RICCHETTI!  
I GOT A LETTER FROM  
MY PAL VERNE  
MILLER! HE WANTS  
TO SEE ME. SOME  
THINGS HOT

TWO DAYS LATER IN KANSAS CITY.

HELLO, VERNE,  
WHAT'S  
STEWIN?

FRANK NASH WAS PICKED  
UP BY THE FBI IN HOT  
SPRINGS! THEY'RE BRING-  
ING HIM THROUGH  
KANSAS CITY! THOUGHT  
YOU'D LIKE TO HELP  
SPRING OUR  
OLD PALL

YEAH! RIGHT AT UNION  
TERMINAL WHEN THEY  
GET OFF THE TRAIN!  
THE GOONS IN THIS  
TOWN ARE TOO SCARED  
TO HELP! THIS TAKES  
SOME PLANNING, AND  
LOTS OF LEAD!



I DON'T WANT FRANK ROTTING  
IN LEAVENWORTH FOR THE  
REST OF HIS LIFE! I'M WITH  
YOU VERNE.

COUNT ME  
IN, TOO. NASH  
DO ME LOTS  
OF FAVORS

SWELL. I'VE  
BEEN SAVIN'  
THESE FOR A  
TIME LIKE  
THIS!

OUTSIDE KANSAS CITY ON THAT JUNE, 1933  
DAY, WHICH CAME TO BE KNOWN AS THE  
KANSAS CITY MASSACRE...



WE'RE TAKING NO CHANCES OF YOUR PALS  
RESCUING YOU NASH. THEY'LL NEVER  
IDENTIFY YOUR BALO HEAD  
UNDERNEATH THAT WIG!

# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

SEE ANYTHING SUSPICIOUS?

NOW! THEY WOULDN'T DARE TRY ANYTHING IN A CROWDED PLACE LIKE THIS!



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

IN OCTOBER, 1934, THE G-MEN TRACED FLOYD AND RICCHETTI TO WELLSVILLE, OHIO...

OKAY, THAT SETTLES RICCHETTI. BUT WHERE'S FLOYD?

BANG  
BANG

THE TRICKY FLOYD ESCAPED ACROSS THE ROOF-TOPS...

MADE IT!

RICCHETTI WAS ELECTRO-CUTTED SHORTLY AFTER HIS RECOVERY FROM THE G-MEN'S BULLETS!

NO!  
NO!

WHILE THE FBI SEARCHED EVERYWHERE FLOYD HID FOR WEEKS IN A WELLSVILLE BARN UNTIL ONE DAY...

HERE'S MY CHANCE TO BEAT IT! GET 'EM UP, HAYSEED! WE'RE GOING BYE-BYE!

I'M HIDING UNDER THAT TARPAULIN.

AND IF YOU LET OUT ONE SQUEAK ABOUT ME BEING HERE, I'LL BLOW YOUR HEART OUT!

GOSH, THAT GANGSTER'S GONNA KILL POP! I'M CALLIN' THE POLICE!

THE FBI AND WELLSVILLE POLICE MET THE FARM TRUCK HALFWAY OUT OF WELLSVILLE...

COME OUT OF THAT TARPAULIN, FLOYD! THERE'S NO USE FIGHTING!

SAYS YOU! THIS AIN'T THE FIRST TIME I GOT AWAY!



NOTHING PRETTY NOW ABOUT PRETTY BOY FLOYD EH?

NEVER WAS! THERE'S NEVER ANYTHING PRETTY ABOUT CRIME OR CRIMINALS AND FLOYD KNOWS IT NOW!



the end

# OPERATIONS MONTHLY

BEGINNING WITH THIS ISSUE CRIME DOES NOT PAY BECOMES A MONTHLY MAGAZINE! THAT WAS EASIER SAID THAN DONE ---IT REQUIRED DOUBLE THE EDITORIAL EFFORT---DOUBLE ART WORK---DOUBLE PRESS TIME, ENGRAVING AND PAPER. THIS MULTIPLICATION OF LABOR WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN JUSTIFIED IF THE HIGH QUALITY STANDARDS OF ITS CONTENTS SUFFERED ONE iota---WE KNOW THEY HAVEN'T. WE ALSO KNOW THAT IT WAS YOUR WISH... IT WAS YOUR LETTERS, HUNDREDS AND HUNDREDS OF THEM THAT MADE "OPERATIONS MONTHLY" A REALITY. HERE ARE SOME.

10 P.M.  
Aurthur Oho  
December 11, '46

Dear Sir,  
I enjoy Crime Does Not Pay very much and wonder why you don't make a monthly instead of bi-monthly out of it.

Yours truly,  
John Blanchard

December 1, 1946

Dear Sir,  
My mother and father along with myself you would make Crime Does Not Pay a monthly magazine  
Yours truly,  
Stanley Stroh  
107 Cleveland St.  
Hudson, Pennsylvania

55 S. Carolina St.  
Baltimore, Maryland

Dear Sir,  
I would like to have your Crime Does Not Pay monthly.

Literally yours,  
Mrs. Eleanor Price

60 Box 7  
Appleton,  
Puerto Rico

Dear Sirs  
Why not make Crime Does Not Pay one magazine a weekly?

Sincerely yours,  
Joe Vazquez &

84 Monroe St.  
Dunkirk, N.Y.  
Dear Editor  
I regret that you don't publish Crime Does Not Pay every week.  
Yours sincerely,  
Gustavus Becht

564 West Main  
Danville, Va.  
Dear Master Bino,  
I wish Crime does not pay was published once a week.  
Yours truly,  
Neal Howard

39 Belmore St.  
Hatboro, Pa.

Dear Sirs  
My only regret is that Crime Does Not Pay isn't published weekly.

Yours truly,  
Robert C. Snyder

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A.C.  
Power-  
House  
Motor  
with  
2"  
Pro-  
jection  
Lens



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July - Peridot  
September - Sapphire  
October - Topaz  
November - Gold & Diamonds  
December - Citrine



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

# KILLERS' JINX

A  
TRUE  
CRIME  
STORY



FRIDAY THE 13 TH---A DAY BLACK WITH OMINOUS WARNING! SUCH WAS THE NIGHT CHOSEN BY A TRIO OF TRIGGER-HAPPY BANDITS AS THEY PLUNGED ON A MAD TRAIL OF PLUNDER AND MUROER!

OUR STORY OPENS IN THE "HOME CORNER" TAVERN ON NORTH WASHINGTON AVENUE, CHICAGO. THE TIME AND DATE: ONE MINUTE AFTER MIDNIGHT, FRIDAY, THE 13 TH, 1939...

"WELL, ANOTHER DAY GONE AND ONE LESS PAGE ON THE OLD CALENDAR--IT'S ALMOST TIME FOR PETERSON TO DROP IN FOR HIS USUAL BEER!"

"YER YA KIN SET YER WATCH BY THAT GUY! HEY, LOOK WHAT'S HERE...FRIDAY THE 13TH! JUST MENTIONING IT IS ENOUGH TO GIVE A GUY THE CREEPS!"

"HERE'S YOUR USUAL BEER, THANKS! I LIKE A GLASS PETERSON! IT'S 12:15 AND I'VE GOT BEER BEFORE HITTING YOU'RE RIGHT ON TIME! THE HAY-SORT OF WINDS UP MY DAY!"



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

LINE UP AGAINST THE BAR AN' KEEP YER MITTS UP HIGH! DIS IS A STICK-UP!

YOU CAN HAVE WHAT I'VE GOT BUT, D..DON'T SHOOT!

THEY'RE NOT TAKING MY DOUGH!

THEY GOT PETERSON!  
THE DIRTY RATS!



HE'S COOKED! TOO BAD I DIDN'T GET THAT CRUMBY BARTENDER BEFORE HE DUCKED DOWN INTO THE CELLAR!

C'MON, THOSE SHOTS'LL BRING THE BULLS IN NO TIME!



I HEARD THE SHOTS AND SAW THREE GUYS RUN DOWN THE BLOCK—ONE OF THEM RAN INTO AN ALLEY, CARRYING A SHOT-GUN! THE OTHER TWO HOPPED INTO A CAR AND SPED AWAY!

WHAT KIND OF CAR WAS IT?



THE POOR FELLOW NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT HIM—KILLED INSTANTLY! YOU SAY THERE WERE THREE OF THEM, BARTENDER? AND YOU'D BE ABLE TO IDENTIFY THEM?

THAT'S RIGHT, DETECTIVE O'CONNELL! I'LL NEVER FORGET THEIR UGLY MAPS!



I COULDN'T GET THE LICENSE NUMBER, BUT IT WAS AN OLD FORD SEDAN WITH A STICKER ON THE REAR WINDOW READING "KEEP AMERICA OUT OF THE WAR." HMM... THANKS! IT'S A GOOD LEAD!

HELLO, O'CONNELL! NOT MUCH! WE I SEE YA BEAT US TO IT. WHAT DID YOU GET ON THE CASE?

NOT MUCH! WE GOT DESCRIPTIONS OF THE KILLER, AND THE GETAWAY CAR! HE WORKED WITH TWO OTHER HOODS!



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THAT TIES IN WITH A FLASH THAT CAME IN A FEW MINUTES AGO: ANOTHER TAVERN WAS STUCK UP IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD ON NORTH DAME AVENUE! MIGHT BE THE SAME MOB!

THIS IS THE PLACE, MINEHAN, THAT WAS TAKEN JUST BEFORE THEY KILLED PETERSON! WE'LL START WITH THE BAR-TENDER!

RIGHT—  
MAYBE HE  
CAN GIVE US  
SOMETHING  
TO GO ON!

THANKS! I'LL GET OVER THERE WITH DETECTIVE MINEHAN AND SEE IF THE DESCRIPTIONS CHECK, AND MAYBE PICK UP SOMETHING ON THEM!



CAN YOU DESCRIBE THE GUYS WHO STUCK YOU UP?

YEAH, HOW MUCH DID THEY CLIP YOU FOR?

SURE, I CAN DESCRIBE THEM! THERE WERE THREE OF 'EM! ONE WAS VERY DARK! THEY TOOK TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS AND A BOTTLE OF WHISKEY!



## A BOTTLE OF WHISKEY

YEAH—AFTER THE MUG TOOK THE DOUGH, HE STEPPED UP TO THE BAR AND SAID, "GIMME A BOTTLE O' WHISKEY!" SO, I SHVED A BOTTLE OF CHEAP STUFF AT HIM, HOPIN' HE DIDN'T KNOW GOOD STUFF— BUT HE SHVED IT BACK AND CALLED FOR THE BEST!



WHAT DID YOU GIVE HIM?

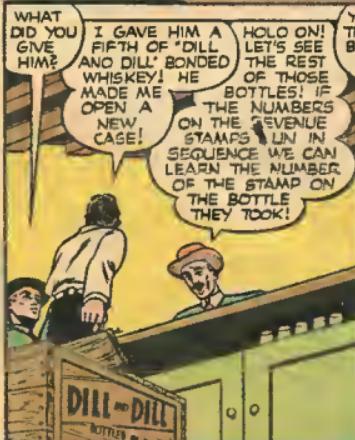
I GAVE HIM A FIFTH OF 'DILL AND DILL' BONDED WHISKEY! HE MADE ME OPEN A NEW CASE!

HOLD ON! LET'S SEE THE REST OF THOSE BOTTLES! IF THE NUMBERS ON THE REVENUE STAMPS LIN IN SEQUENCE WE CAN LEARN THE NUMBER OF THE STAMP ON THE BOTTLE THEY TOOK!

YOU WERE RIGHT, MINEHAN—THE NUMBER ON THE MISSING BOTTLE IS "8042572". C'MON, WE HAVE A LITTLE MORE CHECKING UP TO DO!

RIGHT!

I HOPE YOU GET THE DIRTY RATS!



WHAT'S THE NEXT MOVE?

ONE FACT STANDS OUT—TWO OF THEM USED A GETAWAY CAR—THE OTHER GUY WITH THE SHOT-GUN RAN UP AN ALLEY, WHICH MEANS HE USED EITHER TROLLEY, BUS OR CAB—THE FIRST TWO ARE OUT AS THEY DON'T RUN AT THIS HOUR—WE'LL BUZZ THE HACKIES!



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

LET'S SEE  
IF ONE OF  
THESE GUYS  
KNOWS ANY  
THING!

I HOPE SO—  
WE'VE PUMPED  
ALMOST EVERY  
CABBLE IN  
TOWN—IT'S  
ABOUT TIME  
WE GOT A  
BREAK!

DID ANY OF YOU  
GUYS PICK UP A  
FARE ABOUT  
12:30 A.M. IN  
THIS NEIGHBOR  
HOOD?

I PICKED UP  
A TOUGH LOOKIN'  
CUSTOMER AT  
ABOUT THAT TIME!  
I EXPECTED TO  
FEEL A ROD IN  
THE BACK OF MY  
NECK ALMOST ANY  
MINUTE—BUT HE  
DIDN'T PULL  
ANYTHING!

WHERE DID YOU DROP HIM OFF?

HE GOT OUT ON BOSWORTH  
AVENUE AND WALKED  
TOWARD BLACKHAWK  
STREET.

THANKS,  
POP!



BACK AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

THESE PINS MARK THE SPOTS THAT HAVE BEEN  
STUCK UP RECENTLY! THE CENTER PIN MARKS THE  
SPOT WHERE OUR SUSPECT GOT OUT OF THE CAB!  
I WANT YOU MEN TO COVER THE AREA WITH A  
FINE TOOTH COMB ON TWENTY-FOUR HOUR DUTY—  
FIND THE GET-AWAY CAR AND THAT MISSING  
WHISKEY BOTTLE! I REPORT ANYTHING  
YOU FIND TO ME—IMMEDIATELY!



CALLING CAPTAIN O'CONNELL—MINEHAN REPORTING  
AT BOSWORTH AVENUE AND BLACKHAWK STREET—  
OLD FORD SEDAN WITH STICKER ON REAR  
WINDOW SPOTTED AND BEING  
COVERED NEAR BLACK-  
HAWK STREET!



I'LL BE RIGHT OVER—  
DON'T DO ANYTHING UNTIL I  
GET THERE! THIS MAY BE OUR BREAK!

HERE COME THE THREE GUYS MAKING STRAIGHT FOR  
THE CAR! SHALL WE JUMP THEM NOW, CAPTAIN?

NO—WAIT UNTIL THEY GET  
IN THE CAR AND GET IT  
STARTED! WE CAN OVER-  
TAKE THAT OLD JALOPY  
ANYTIME WE WANT—GET  
YOUR GUNS READY,  
MEN!



PULL OVER TO THE  
CURB AND COME OUT  
WITH YOUR  
HANDS UP!

DON'T  
SHOOT,  
COPPERS!



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

WHAT'S THE IDEA? YOU BULLS AINT GOT NOTHING ON US!

WE'VE GOT PLENTY ON YOU! YOU'RE GOING TO FIND THAT FRIDAY THE 13TH IS MIGHTY UNLUCKY FOR YOU! SLAP THE CUFFS ON THEM, MEN! WE'LL PUT THEM IN THE LINE-UP RIGHT AWAY!

ARE YOU SURE THAT TWO OF THEM PARTICIPATED IN THE HOLD-UP AND KILLING?

THAT'S THEM, ALL RIGHT. BUT THE GUY THAT DID THE SHOOTING AIN'T WITH 'EM!



START TALKING, MICHALOWSKI! YOUR PAL SAYS YOU KILLED PETERSON! YOUR FINGERPRINTS WERE FOUND ON THE WHISKEY BOTTLE! OPEN UP TO RIGHTS!

I AIN'T TAKING NO MURDER RAP FOR SOMEBODY ELSE! NICK KNOCKED THE GUY OFF! HIS REAL NAME IS VICTOR WNUKOWSKI! HE LIVES ON MILWAUKEE AVENUE! NOW LEMME ALONE!

DON'T MOVE, WNUKOWSKI! WE'VE GOT YOU DEAD TO RIGHTS!

HEY, WHAT GOES HERE?

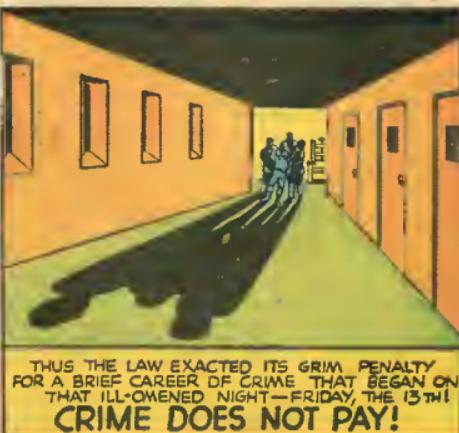
YOU'LL FIND OUT, WISE GUY!



DEC. 14, 1939...

I HEREBY SENTENCE YOU TO DEATH IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!

COME ON, MICHALOWSKI! NO! NO! I'M TOO YOUNG TO DIE! GIMME A BREAK, PLEASE (SOB) PLEASE!



THUS THE LAW EXACTED ITS GRIM PENALTY FOR A BRIEF CAREER OF CRIME THAT BEGAN ON THAT ILL-OMENED NIGHT—FRIDAY, THE 13TH!  
**CRIME DOES NOT PAY!**

THIS IS YOUR PAGE

# WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

\$2<sup>00</sup> FOR EACH LETTER PUBLISHED \$2<sup>00</sup>

Dear Readers:

In every issue of CRIME DOES NOT PAY this page is devoted to your opinions, ideas and suggestions. Since the conception of CRIME DOES NOT PAY we have been guided by two ideals—first, the eradication of crime and, second, to give credit to the fearless detectives and officers of the law who daily risk their lives that you and we may live in a more lawful society.

CHARLES BIRO and BOB WOOD, Editors

I am a convict doing time for a crime I committed against society and my deepest regret is that I was not fortunate enough to behold this book CRIME DOES NOT PAY before I made that fatal mistake that leads you through ruin, sorrow, misery and sometimes death. So here is my greatest thanks to Mr. Biro and Mr. Wood for bringing such a great book into the lives of Americans.

A regular reader, H. L. W.

Here's more proof!

I noticed your letter page in CRIME DOES NOT PAY and thought that you might like to hear from someone your writers write about.

I am a registered fingerprint expert and criminal investigator. At present I operate Goodyear Investigation Service here in Clinton.

I have read your very fine magazine since it first appeared and can offer no finer praise for your very laudable work other than "Thanks."

I know of no other magazine that does more to combat crime than CRIME DOES NOT PAY. Keep it up. I have found that the Iowa State Training School for Boys will permit no other magazine in the comic field to be read other than CRIME DOES NOT PAY. A finer title could not have been selected because crime does not pay.

Sincerely, J. R. Bishop  
529 Second Ave. S., Clinton, Iowa

A finer letter could not have been selected.

I was recently on probation for shoplifting. The Priest at my church suggested CRIME DOES NOT PAY as my monthly reader. Even probation had not made me realize how much crime does not pay, until I read the wonderful magazine. No one understands the change in me, but I guess you do, as I have you and your fine book to thank.

Sincerely yours, A. F., Boston, Mass.  
Stick to it, and good luck.

I took your CRIME DOES NOT PAY to studyhall. My teacher caught me with it and said I should report to his room after school. He said, "Jean, this is the best comic book I have ever seen." The next day

he brought three of them to class. He passed them around and said, "Students, here is one comic book you may read in your spare time."

Sincerely, Jean S. Galdie  
2019 Broadway, Menominee, Mich.  
We salute your teacher's intelligence.

I am serving five years for robbery by assault in the Texas Prison System. I believe that if I had read your book on CRIME DOES NOT PAY sooner I would not be here today. Please print this letter if you can, it might keep some other boy out of prison.

I remain as ever, "TEX"  
P.S. Sir, I am not at all proud of the fact that I'm in prison, so if you can, please refrain from using my name in your book, just sign the above paragraph "TEX." Thanks ever so much.  
See what we mean?

Since I work in this Naval Prison as a Duty Personnel, I fully realize that CRIME DOES NOT PAY. If more lads had read CRIME DOES NOT PAY earlier in their youth and realized that fact, I am sure that this prison would not be here today. Hats off to your fine job in trying to prevent crime.

Harold A. DeLain F2/C, Duty Personnel  
U. S. Naval Prison, Portsmouth, N. H.  
You can play in our backyard anytime.

My 12-year-old son is reading CRIME DOES NOT PAY and I am making him some candy. Not that I have to coax him into reading your magazine. He is so particular about saving all of the issues that I have to coax him into letting me read it.

Mrs. Mabel M. Huff, Teacher  
Route 4, Shawnee, Okla.  
You may sit at the head of our class, teacher.

All of your magazines stress the principles of the Bill of Rights. CRIME DOES NOT PAY helps boys like me to see what has happened to others who have taken the wrong road. After reading it I feel as if I must do right. Thanks.

Yours, Walter Apperson  
929 S. 6 Street, Mayfield, Ky.  
Your outlook is the only reward we ask.

Letters must be limited to about 50 words. All letters become the property of Lev Gleason Publications, Inc. Address all letters to "What's On Your Mind?", CRIME DOES NOT PAY, 114 E. 32 St., New York 16, N. Y.

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

# WASHED IN BLOOD

A  
TRUE  
CRIME  
STORY

JOHNNY SPANISH WAS THE BIGGEST LAUNDRY RACKETEER IN CRIME-LAND. HIS BUSINESS WAS TO "WASH-UP" INNOCENT MEN; IN THAT WAY HE HIMSELF THOUGHT HE WAS CLEANING UP— UNTIL... SOMETHING STRANGE HAPPENED... AND JOHNNY GOT...

Lee Taylor

ON THE EVENING OF DECEMBER 11, 1930, JOHNNY SPANISH ENTERED A LAUNDRY SHOP...

AM I GETTING THE FIVE HUNDRED FER PROTECTION OR MUST I PUT A SLUG IN YA? WHICH IS IT LUCAS?

I'M A POOR MAN! WHERE WILL I GET FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS? I CAN'T AFFORD PROTECTION!

YA MEAN YA CAN'T AFFORD NOT TO HAVE IT.. SAVVY?

A GUN! OKAY JOHNNY! I'LL GIVE YOU WHAT YOU WANT! ONLY DON'T SHOOT!



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

BE GLAD I WANTED YOU ALIVE! THAT BULLET COULD'VE GONE WHERE YOU TICK!

GET ME TO A HOSPITAL! I'M BLEEDIN' TA DEATH, YA GGGHHH!!! COPPER!

THREE DAYS LATER, JOHNNY'S BONDSMAN PAID THE BAIL FOR HIS RELEASE.

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS! YEAH? COUNT IT...THAT'S THE AFTER THE D.A.'S FINISHED WITH HIM, NO KIND OF DOUGH WILL SPRING JOHNNY SPANISH HAS!

LATER...

LUCKY THAT SHOT WAS A FLESH WOUND, JOHNNY...YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN CRIPPLED FOR LIFE IF THE BULLET HAD HIT A BONE!

IT'S ALL THAT GGGHHH! LUCAS' FAULT! I'M GOIN' TA GET THAT SQUEALER!



MEANWHILE, AT LUCAS' LAUNDRY...

WE LAUNDROMEN MUST STOP PAYIN' JOHNNY SPANISH OR ANY OTHER RACKETEER BLACK MAIL MONEY FOR 'PROTECTION' PROTECTION INDEED! IT'S AGAINST SPANISH!

WHAT SHOULD WE DO, LUCAS?

NOT ANOTHER CENT FOR PROTECTION! NO MATTER WHAT JOHNNY SPANISH THREATENS TELL THE POLICE ABOUT HIS RACKET!



LATER, WHEN THE MEETING BROKE UP...

THEY'RE LEAVIN'! I CAN IMAGINE WHAT LUCAS HAS BEEN TELLIN' 'EM!...TA QUIT PAYIN' OFF! WELL, IT'S ABOUT TIME I PAID LUCAS OFF!



DAYS LATER OUTSIDE LUCAS HOME...

H..HEY!! YOU'RE IN THE WRONG LANE! TURN OFF!

TURN OFF YER LIFE, YA MEAN! HEH. HEH!



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



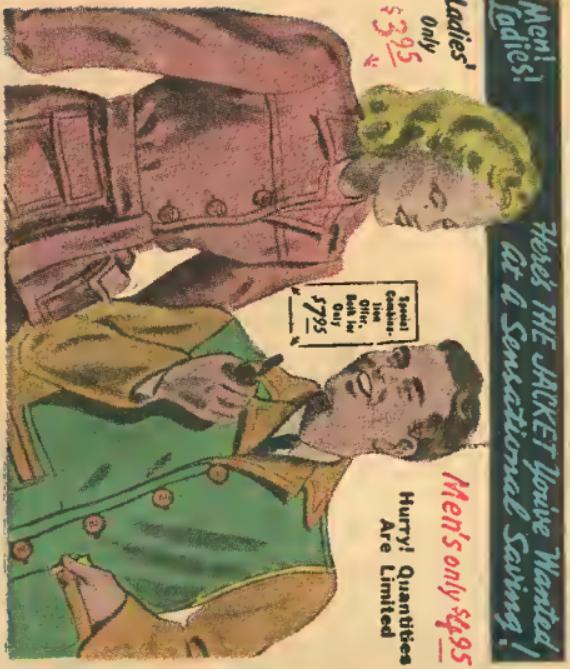
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Pearly shoulderless blouse jacket. You  
will adore its smart, distinctive  
bustle... you will always enjoy its  
catering warmth. It's tailored of  
fanciful Sun-Rite, justly popular  
for its wear... for its beauty!

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Here's a sturdy "rite-mail" jacket  
of a thousand and one uses that  
will keep pace with the fastest  
tempo of your busy day. Cut for  
real comfort... of "Sun-Rite"  
magically flexible, warmly tailored  
and colorful as well as warm  
Smart forced back, flared waist  
bottoms for looks and wear. Great  
deep, roomy pockets. Seamed side.

**WRITE SIZE AND COLOR ON ORDER COUPON**

**SEND NO MONEY—RUSH THIS COUPON!**

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# THE TELLTALE SCAR

## A TRUE CRIME STORY

**O**N THE night of December 5, 1943, Bay City, Michigan was cold, yet a man stood without an overcoat and seemed not to mind the weather. Bay City's streets were brightly lit, yet, the alley where the man stood was dark. Much of Bay City's manhood was on land and sea and in the air throughout the world, fighting at that very moment for their lives and for the safety of their loved ones. This man, too, held a gun, but he was not a soldier. Nor was the jagged, red scar, reaching from ear to chin on his chalk-white face, a battle wound.

The man stood as still as death itself, his only movement was the slight imperceptible, tightening of his trigger finger. Not until the man saw the figure of another man, overcoat wrapped tightly about his heavy-set frame, bulging satchel in his gloved hand, opposite the alley, did the one holding the revolver make a motion. Then he stepped forward and his words were hurried.

"This is a stick-up," he said tensely. "Get back into the alley!"

The man accosted was Floyd Ackerman, well groomed, financially successful, manager of a chain of Bay City's theatres. This stick-up stuff sounded corny to him. It didn't make sense. It reminded him of one of his "B" pictures. He turned toward his assailant and almost grinned.

"Is this a gag?" he asked. Then Ackerman saw the flash of steel in the other's hand. His lips tightened.

Orange flame belched from the hand of the gunman. Ackerman grabbed his abdomen, lurched forward against his attacker, dropped to the ground. The other grabbed up the satchel, looked down on his victim and fired again. Then he disappeared into the night.

Floyd Ackerman, prone and weak on his hospital bed, knew he was going to die. He summoned all his remaining strength to tell Police Chief Frank Anderson as much as he could about the cowardly attack.

"Could have . . . been Pete Laskow. Former employee . . . but . . ."

"But what?" Anderson asked. He saw only too clearly that he must keep Ackerman talking.

"The white face . . . the scar . . ."

"Did Laskow have a scar? A white face?"

The tired eyes of the wounded man looked blankly at the officer. The drawn lips moved. "Got . . . eighteen hundred . . . dollars . . ." The lids

drooped. Ackerman had spoken his last words on earth. He sank into a coma and died early the following morning.

Under instructions from Chief Anderson, Detective Chester Projancowicz and Patrolman Joseph Talbot went at once in search of the missing employee. They found his rooming house without much trouble, learned that Laskow was away, supposedly visiting another city. They learned, too, that the former employee had been discharged because of incompetence.

"But he had no scar on his face," the landlady said.

"Take us to his room," Talbot said. "We'll see if we can pick up any evidence there."

Later the two officers reported their findings to Chief Anderson.

"There was nothing in the room to pin a murder charge on Laskow," said Detective Projancowicz.

Chief Anderson nodded. "That would be too much to hope for, anyway," he said. He remained silent, meditating, before he added: "You know what, boys? I'm sending to the State Police for assistance. They may have scientific methods of detection that we don't know about."

Detective Sergeant Harry Biggs, of the Michigan State Police, was assigned to assist the Bay City Police in the solution of the cold-blooded murder. Almost the first thing Detective Biggs did was to inspect the clothing Ackerman had worn on the night of the shooting. And his search was not unavailing.

"Look at this red spot on the shoulder of Ackerman's overcoat," Biggs said. "Could be blood."

"I suppose it could," Chief Anderson replied, "but why would it be up on the shoulder of the coat, when Ackerman was shot in the abdomen?"

Biggs shrugged. "We'll send the coat to the University of Michigan Laboratory at Ann Arbor."

Anderson tapped fingers thoughtfully against the knuckles of the other hand. "While we're waiting for a report," he said, "I've got an idea I'd like to follow up."

"Let's have it," Biggs replied.

"There's a man named Jack Albin living in this town. We suspect him of operating in crooked gambling, but have never been able to prove it. Now suppose Albin had won a large sum of money from someone at crooked dice and the person fleeced found out the fraud and threatened Albin. Isn't it possible that Albin might have taken steps to elimi-

name the cause of the threat against him? Perhaps he could have hired a killer?"

"Was Ackerman a gambler?" Biggs asked.

"I have no reason to believe that he was," the Chief said, "but we're looking for a motive for Ackerman's death and the robbery angle might be just a *blind*. And Albin was seen in the neighborhood just before the shooting. Let's look up Albin."

Albin was soon located and led the police to his expensively furnished hotel suite. Seated comfortably, he answered the officer's questions without hesitation.

"I was on the post office steps at the time of the shooting, waiting for a blonde." Albin reached into his coat pocket for a pencil and paper. "Here, I'll give you her name and address."

"You carry a gun, don't you, Albin?" Chief Anderson asked next.

"Yes, a thirty-eight. And I have a permit to do so." Albin eyed his callers slyly then. "And according to the papers, the murder was done with a thirty-two."

Investigation of the girl mentioned by Albin completely corroborated Albin's alibi.

"They either have their story down pat," said the chief, "or they're in the clear."

At this point the case slowed down to a crawl. The report from the Michigan University Laboratory showed the red stain on Ackerman's coat to have been made by a water-color and had mixed in it particles of men's talcum. No man with a scarred face had been found, nor was his picture discovered in any rogues' gallery. Pete Laskow, finally located, established beyond doubt that he merely had been away in search of another job. Now the investigation reached the stage of sifting patiently infinite details, of waiting for the breaks.

"Perhaps we ought to look for an artist," suggested Chief Anderson.

"An artist no doubt," agreed Biggs, "but not the type of artist you're thinking of."

"No?" Chief Anderson knitted his brows. "You have something in mind?"

Before Detective Biggs could reply, Patrolman Talbot entered headquarters.

"Chief," he said, "I know a Korean named Woos who does a lot of gambling. Only today I heard him mention that he had just won a pile of dough."

Biggs sprang to his feet. "That may be the tie-up with Albin we've been looking for!" he exclaimed.

John Woos, greeting the police at his rooming house, was suave and, in his Oriental fashion, extremely polite.

"We hear you've been winning at gambling," Chief Anderson began. "We want to know where."

Woos bowed. "It is unfortunate that I cannot enlighten you, gentlemen, but honor does not permit . . ."

"In this case there's a murder involved," said the Chief. "You'd better talk."

Unruffled and impassive, the Oriental bowed again. "The name is Jack Albin, but I will not reveal his address."

It was difficult for the police to hide their elation at this sudden turn of events. For the time being, they let well enough alone and took their leave, advising Woos that they would call on him again if they wanted further information.

Outside Chief Anderson said, "Well, I think we've had a boost. This definitely ties in with our theory of gambling."

Biggs nodded. "It does more than that, Chief. I saw a book on amateur theatricals on Woos' table. There's a chapter in it on make-up!"

Chief Anderson pounded a fist into the palm of his hand. "You sure hit on something, Biggs! That scar could have been painted on!"

"Here's what we ought to do," Biggs went on. "Tomorrow, Talbot, you borrow something from Woos. A wrench, perhaps, from the plumbing shop where he works . . ."

The borrowed wrench told a great deal.

Checking up on Woos, Chief Anderson learned that he had already served time for a revenge murder and had been out on parole since last May!

Detective Biggs smiled grimly. "And here's over a thousand dollars I found hidden behind the baseboard of his room today. I think we're about ready for an arrest!"

Woos was suave and stubborn. All that night and most of the next day he stoutly insisted he was innocent, but the evidence seemed to grow larger and heavier on his shoulders. There was the money; the matching of the paint on the overcoat with that in his make-up kit; the fact that he had lost money to Albin, rather than having won; there was the dark suit he had been wearing most frequently until the night of the murder, that had disappeared. Little by little Woos weakened. Suddenly he blurted a confession.

On February 10, 1944, Woos, having pleaded guilty to first degree murder, was given a mandatory life sentence.

Just another twist to the old story! Woos lost money gambling, killed a man to get more. He had stolen a gun, had made up his face with the scar to throw off witnesses and the police. He almost did, he claimed. Almost? That's what all criminals claim: They ALMOST made it! And every time they fail, Justice answers: ALMOST is correct; crime does NOT pay!

(To protect innocent persons involved in Floyd Ackerman's murder, the names, Pete Laskow and Jack Albin are fictitious.)

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

# WHO DUNNIT?



DEATH SKATES INTO THE SPOTLIGHT OF AN ANCIENT RIVALRY! WHO SENT IN THIS GRUESOME PLAYER WHOSE GAME IS MURDER? HOW GOOD A DETECTIVE ARE YOU? CAN YOU DISCOVER WHO DUNNIT?

FBG

IN THE OFFICE OF THE MARKHAM COURIER...  
BUT, CHIEF! HARDMORE COACH WILL MAKE MINCE MEAT OUT OF MARKHAM U. I CAN WRITE THE OBITUARY RIGHT HERE!

WE HAVEN'T MISSED A SPORTS COVERAGE OF THE HARDMORE-MARKHAM WINTER MEET IN TWENTY YEARS! SCRAM, MALLOY, OR I'LL WRITE YOUR OBITUARY!

YOU GUYS ARE READY TO BE SLAUGHTERED?

ARE WE! WE DON'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST HARDMORE THIS YEAR! WE COULDN'T BEAT THEIR FRESHMEN!

ANY STATEMENT FOR THE PRESS, COACH SLY? BY HOW MANY POINTS WILL MARKHAM LOSE?

DON'T BE SURPRISED WHEN MARKHAM BEATS HARDMORE, MALLOY!

# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

AN UPSET OVER  
HARDMORE SLY,  
YOU'RE NUTS!

I HAVE A HUNCH  
WE'LL WIN EVERY  
EVENT! JUST  
WAIT AND SEE!

AND SO, TO SNOW VALLEY, TRADITIONAL ARENA FOR THE CLASHES  
BETWEEN HARDMORE AND MARKHAM, COME THE UNEVENLY  
MATCHED CLUBS!—HARDMORE, THE HEAVY FAVORITE!



HI THERE, COACH!  
WHERE'D YOU GET  
THE ARMY OF  
BLOND GIANTS?

JUST A COINCIDENCE, MALLY!  
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GOING TO  
BEAT MARKHAM! WE HAVE  
THE STRONGEST TEAM IN  
HARDMORE HISTORY!



HIP HIP  
HOORAY FOR  
HARDMORE!

COME ON, FELLOWS!  
LET'S GIVE HARDMORE'S  
BEST ROOTER FOR  
A REAL  
RIDE!

LOOK AT OLD  
MISS WILLS! SHE  
SURE LOVES  
THE HARDMORE  
TEAMS.



WHAT'S THE  
MATTER WITH  
MISS WILLS?  
SHE'S ALL  
RIGHT!

HI, THERE,  
MALLY!  
AREN'T THEY  
WONDERFUL?

MISS WILLS  
HAD A BEAU  
AT HARDMORE  
MALLY. SHE'S  
ROOTEO FOR  
HARDMORE  
EVER SINCE

ONLY SAD THING  
ABOUT THIS TEAM IS  
TOM KRYKE! HE  
SHOWED MORE  
PROMISE THAN ANY  
ONE ELSE UNTIL HE  
BROKE HIS LEG  
DURING PRACTICE!

TOUGH BREAK FOR  
KRYKE! TO SEE THE  
OTHERS PLAY WHEN  
HE'S ON THE  
SIDELINES

WHY SHOULD THEY  
WALK WHILE I MUST  
DRAG MYSELF AROUND  
LIKE THIS? IT'S  
NOT FAIR!



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THAT NIGHT...

YOU HEARD ME!  
PLACE ALL MY MONEY  
ON MARKHAM—A  
ONE TO TEN  
UNDERDOG, BUT  
THEY ARE GONNA  
WIN THIS  
MEET!

WELL, I'LL BE...  
NICKY NIXTO,  
THE BIG  
GAMBLER  
BETTING ON A  
SURE LOSER!  
SOMETHING'S  
WRONG!

WHAT'S  
THE BIG  
IDEA  
BETTING  
ON A  
LOSER,  
NIXTO?

LOSER,  
NOTHIN'!  
I GOT A  
HOT TIP  
FROM  
MEENEY!

YOU REMEMBER  
ME, MALLOY. DON'T  
YOU? EX-COACH  
OF HARDMORE,  
THROWN OUT ON  
MY EAR AT THE  
START OF THE  
SEASON!

YOU DESERVED  
IT, MEENEY!  
THERE WAS NO  
EXCUSE FOR  
BEING SO HARSH  
WITH YOUR  
TEAM! YOU WERE  
A SLAVE  
DRIVER!

THEY'LL  
REGRET  
FIRING ME!  
THEY'RE GOING TO  
LOSE!



DOWN THE SLOPE WINGS THE HARDMORE JUMPER UNTIL...

EEEEE!!  
N..NO!



MIGOSH! HE'LL BE KILLED  
GOING OFF THE SLOPE  
LIKE THAT!

# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

POOR ROLLING  
IS HE DEAD?

YES DEAR  
BOY!

SEE — HARDMORE  
IS JINXED AFTER  
FIRING ME!

SEE THE SMOKE  
COMING FROM THAT  
PATCH OF EARTH?  
SOMEBODY THREW  
ACID OR THERMIT  
ONTO THE  
SKI RUN!

SO WHAT?  
MARKHAM  
WINS THIS  
EVENT BY  
DEFAULT!

MORE THAN ONE  
PERSON PROFITED BY  
HARDMORE'S LOSS.



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY.

THAT PANE OF GLASS CAME FROM MY HOTEL! I WAS GOING TO USE IT FOR MY BIG DINING ROOM WINDOW OVER LOOKING THE LAKE!

SOMEBODY STOLE IT TO CRIPPLE MY ATHLETES!

SEE THAT WHITE PAINT ON THE WOODEN HOLES? THE KILLER DIDN'T WANT THE ICE-SLED CREW TO SEE IT 'TIL IT WAS TOO LATE!

MARKHAM'S PILED UP TOO MANY POINTS HAROMORE CAN'T WIN NOW!



ANYBODY COULD'VE MOVED THE PANE ACROSS THE ICE LAST NIGHT!

ANOTHER TOUGH BREAK FOR HAROMORE, WHO LOSES BY DEFAULT! TSK! TSK!

THIS ENDS THE EVENTS FOR TODAY! WE'LL CONTINUE THE MEET TOMORROW. I'M GOING TO LOOK AROUND THE HOTEL STORE-ROOM... MAYBE I'LL FIND A CLUE!



LATER, OUTSIDE THE STOREROOM...

THOSE HOLES IN THE SNOW WERE MADE BY CRUTCHES! WOULD THAT KRYKE KIO BE TAKING SOME FORM OF HIDEOUS REVENGE FOR BEING CRIPPLED HIMSELF?



IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR SUSPECTS, MALLOY, LOOK AT MEENY OR NIXTO, OR COACH SLY OF MARKHAM! SLY'S CLEANING UP ON HIS BETS ON MARKHAM!



SO SLY'S BETTING ON HIS OWN TEAM? VERY INTERESTING!

SURE I BET ON MARKHAM. I'M LOAL TO MY OWN TEAM! ANYTHING WRONG ABOUT THAT?

YES, WHEN HAROMORE LOSES BY DEADLY ACCIDENTS!



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



*Amazing*  
**MONEY-BACK  
GUARANTEE OFFER**



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*Noon*

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THE WHOLE DAY THROUGH



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TOWN \_\_\_\_\_

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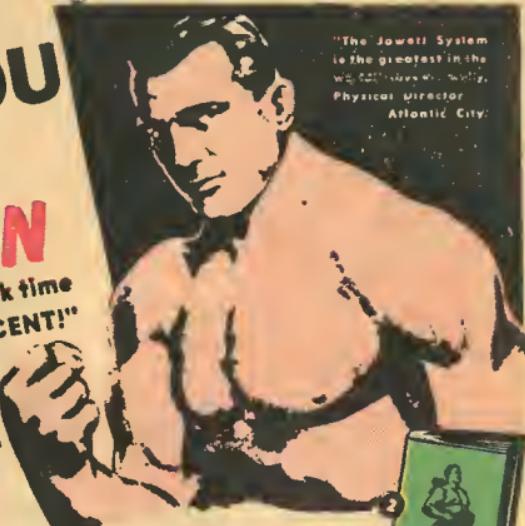
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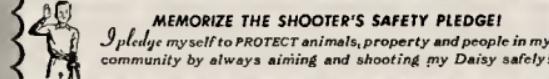
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Always stop at curb, look right and left to see if street is clear. Cross streets only at corners. Obey signal lights. Remember, an auto moves faster than you can run and don't run walk!

AND SHOOT  
SAFE BUDDY!

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Careless bicycling may cause accidents! Always ride single file. Never "pitch on" to car or truck. Follow all traffic signs, rules. Avoid route. Ride close to right edge of road. Use hand signals for turns, stops.

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